

## Late nights with Dysphoria and Dream

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## Late nights with Dysphoria and Dream

by [Metallicorn](#)

### Summary

George has a bad binder and accidentally rants to Dream (he's called Clay in this fic though) so he takes matters into his own hands

**\*\*Disclaimer!** If Dream or George ever state that they are uncomfortable with the shipping, I will immediately delete this fic!

If you don't like the content in this fic, then don't read it. There is no need for rude comments. Thanks. **\*\***

## Chapter One

“Can we pause for a moment?” George asked, his breath coming as short gasps.

“Yeah, of course,” Clay looked at his screen in concern, “is everything okay?”

A soft noise sounded through Clay’s headphones, “Yeah, just-“ a pain-filled noise came through this time, creating more concern. “-just need a moment, sorry.” Clay heard headphones drop to the desk on the other side of the call, then footsteps leaving the room.

George takes a few quick gasps, managing to get just outside his room, he leaned against the wall. He huffed quietly, the cheap binder digging into his ribs. Reaching for the clasps on the side, he pulls the tight garment off his body. A mixture of pain and relief fills George’s body as he’s finally able to get a full breath of air.

His relief was short lived, as pain tore through his ribs and forced a tear to his eye. George’s hand flew to his left side in an attempt to ease the sharp pain, but making it worse instead. “Ah!” The unwanted noise slipped past his lips before he could stop it.

He knew buying that binder was a terrible idea, but it was all he could afford at the time, and he hasn’t been able to replace it since then. Another tear made it’s way down his cheek, followed by two more until he dissolved into a sobbing mess. Sliding down the wall he once stood against, George let the pain take over.

Clay sat in confusion, staring at George’s discord icon. He pulled his headphones off, hooking them on his main computer screen, then pushed away from his desk.

He wondered his kitchen for a moment until he felt Patches seemingly try to take his leg out from under him. Chuckling softly, he scratched at the cat’s side, letting her rub around his ankles.

Clay dropped some cat food into Patches’ bowl, then grabbed a Gatorade from the fridge. He watched his cat dart to her food bowl and chuckled once more, before going back to his computer. Slipping the headphones back over his ears, Clay got comfortable in his chair again. “You back, George?”

Nothing.

“Huh, okay then,” Clay mumbled. He opened Twitter, wanting to check out some of his mentions, but was distracted when he saw the border of George’s icon flash green, “George?” He waited a moment, still not hearing a response. When the icon flashed again, Clay turned his volume up in hopes of hearing anything on the other side.

The audio cut in and out, but he was finally able to make out what he heard - crying, specifically George crying. “George!” He tried calling out, but after a couple tries he gave up, knowing his friend couldn’t hear him. So, instead he was stuck listening. Listening to his best friend crying. It damn near broke his heart, and he wanted nothing more than to hug George. To wipe away his tears.

Eventually the tears stopped, dry sobs wracking through his body. Then, after what felt like an eternity, the sobs subsided and George could finally get a full, uninterrupted breath. He forced his body away from the wall, dragging himself to the kitchen for some water.

He gulped down a glass, looking at the clock on his oven. Bright numbers told him it was 1:28am. George sighed quietly, then cursed under his breath, “the call!” He gasped in realization. Dropping the glass into the dishwasher, he recomposed himself and walked into his room.

Before sitting back down, he made sure to grab a hoodie and pulled it over his bruised torso with a wince. George put his headphones over his ears, and was about to turn his face cam back on, but stopped himself. There was no way he would let Clay see him like this.

“George?” Clay’s smooth voice asked, concern laced in the word.

“Yeah?” His voice broke slightly, making George mentally punch himself.

“Are-“ he stopped for a moment, trying to find his words “-are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” He lied.

“George.” Clay’s voice held an unknown emotion, “don’t lie to me, please?”

A sigh. George knew that Clay would see right through him.

“Can you turn your face cam back on?”

“I-“ he didn’t want to. Clay would know George had been crying if he showed his face.

Clay listened to the silence for a moment, “George, I heard you crying. I just want to make sure you’re okay.”

A muttered curse drifted through his headphones, then discord lit up and George’s face appeared on his screen. However, it wasn’t the grinning face he was used to, instead he was greeted with downcast, bloodshot eyes, tear stains that could still be seen on his red-splotched face, and his normally well kept hair stuck out in all directions.

“George, I-“

“-don’t. I, uh-“ George cut off Clay’s words, willing himself to explain his situation, “I need to tell you something, but I need you to promise me you won’t hate me..”

“I could never hate you, you’re my best friend.”

“Okay, I-“ George stopped again, sighing to himself, “I was born in the wrong body..”

“Okay?”

“And I have seriously fucked up ribs because of my binder.”

“Bin-“

“The reason I had to stop was because I couldn’t breathe, the binder I have is too tight and it was like 5 bucks off of Amazon, I’ve had it since my chest started growing because I couldn’t cope with it so I stole my mum’s card and bought the cheapest one I could find so she wouldn’t be suspicious but I’ve had it for almost ten years at this point and it’s such a shitty material that it bruises my sides but I can’t buy myself a good one because all my money goes to rent and feeding my cat an-“

“-George!” Clay cut off the other boys words, as they had gotten to the point where he couldn’t understand what was being said anymore. “Slow down, okay?”

“Shit, I’m sorry!”

“Hey, don’t apologize, okay?” Clay didn’t wait for a response before continuing, “what the hell is a binder?”

“It flattens, uh.. breasts down to make a more male-looking chest”

“Okay, so you were born as a-“

“Please, don’t.. I am a boy. I always have been. But my body doesn’t match that.”

“Okay, you said something about your.. binder? being old?”

“Yeah, it’s uh.. pretty beat up,” George chuckled, glancing at the garment sitting on his bed.

“How much is a good one?”

“The better company out there sells them for \$33 I believe, why?”

“No reason. What’s the company called?”

George hesitated first a moment, “gc2b,” he heard typing on the other side of the call, “Clay?”

“What color?”

“Clay, no-“

“George. What color?”

“I’m not gonna make you-“

“You’re not making me do anything, now tell me what color you want, or else I’ll pick it for you!”

“Clay don’t-“

“Alright, you’re getting the nude number 4.”

“Clay, stop-“

“I’m assuming the half binder would be easier to hide, and it fits the price you told me.”

“Fucking hell, Clay!”

“I told you, you aren’t making me do anything. I want to do this for you, especially if it helps you.”

“But-“

“No buts. You’re getting this binder. What size?”

“Medium,” came the muttered response.

“Thank you, should I buy you a second one as a backup?”

“What? No!”

“I’m gonna do it anyway.”

“Clay!”

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

George gets his binders!

Also, high key sugar daddy Clay vibes in this one

### Chapter Notes

I'm not sure what y'all think about the switching povs, but hopefully it's not too annoying!

Also, I jumped between British-type wording and American wording depending on the pov and whose talking because I felt like it made sense?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hey, wake up!" A robotic voice sounded through the room.

George stared at his computer for a moment, then pushed off his bed to check the notification. It was a poke from Clay, some link that he didn't recognize.

After a pause, the voice flooded his room again, "Buddy entered your channel!"

"Did you check the link?" Excitement clear in the new voice.

"Clay. What the fuck?" George mumbled, still half asleep.

"Check it!"

"Mmph" a grumbled reply as he clicked on the url. His monitor flashed white, half blinding the poor boy. He read the contents of the page through squinted eyes, "holy shit."

His new binder was just delivered.

There was a silence for a moment. Then, "Well? Are you gonna go get it? They delivered it to your door!"

George got up, suddenly not tired as adrenaline shot through his body.

Clay listened to footsteps leaving George's room, and he leaned back in his chair, smiling.

"Why is the parcel so big?" George said as he sat back down.

"You'll see. Now turn on your camera, I wanna see you open it!"

"Yeah, yeah. Give me a moment."

"What do you mean 'give me a moment'? You have shortcuts on your keyboard, idiot!"

"I'm not wearing a shirt! I just woke up, asshole."

"What? It's only- oh, your in England"

"No shit! It's 7 in the morning here!" A pause, "wait. Why are you up at 2am?"

"Don't worry about it. Turn on your camera!" Clay pulled the conversation back to the original topic.

"Alright, fine"

George's face flooded his screen, his disheveled hair and sleepy eyes making Clay's heart stutter.

"Okay, open it!" Clay smiled again.

George rolled his eyes at his friend's antics, then pulled the package open.

George looked into the parcel, confused. He grabbed the fabrics and laid them on his desk staring

at the three binders.

“Clay?”

“Mhmm?” George could practically hear the grin in his voice

“Why are there three binders?”

“Wait- look in the package again.”

George looked into his face cam annoyance clear in his features, “Clay. Tell me you’re joking”  
Silence.

“Clay?”

“Check the package again.”

George sighed, reopening the parcel. There was one more item, along with the receipt, card, and brand sticker.

He pulled the shirt out, allowing it to unfold. It was a white shirt with blue, grey and a third color he couldn’t see well speckled along the edges, ‘gc2b’ printed on the chest. “I hate you,” George said, a soft smile on his face.

“No you don’t. Now try the binders on, I wanna make sure they’re the right size.”

George raised an eyebrow at his face cam

“Get out of view of the camera, obviously. I’m not a creep!”

A soft giggle came through Clay’s headphones as George walked out of view, binders in hand. A moment passed while George changed, then he reappeared on the monitor wearing the first binder Clay added, the color matched George’s skin tone surprisingly well. Clay smiled, watching as George turned to the side showing how well the binder flattened his chest. When George’s eyes glossed over, Clay’s smile dropped, “are you okay?” Worry laced his words as tears gathered in George’s eyes.

“Yeah,” his voice cracked, and a tear escaped, “I’ve never been this flat before.”

Clay let go of a breath he didn’t realize he was holding, “god, I thought you hated it!”

“No! I love it. Thank you!” George wiped away his tears, recomposing himself. He stepped out of view again, changing into the gray tank binder, the color looked great on his friend, making Clay lose his breath.

Clay watched George place a hand over his flat chest, a smile ever-present on his face.

“That color looks nice on you,” George’s head popped up, staring at Clay’s icon.

“Thank you.” He said as he stepped off screen again, appearing in the black racerback.

“Why’d you get the last two?” George questioned, pulling at the straps of the fabric.

“I figured they would be useful in different ways,” Clay shrugged, “the first one can be worn under regular shirts, since it matches your skin tone so well. The second one would probably work for button-downs, hoodies, and sweaters, because of the length or whatever. And that one can be worn under tank tops.”

A moment passed.

“Also, I just wanted to spoil you.”

“Clay!”

“Shut up, go put on the shirt!”

George rolled his eyes, grabbing the shirt from his desk and pulling it on. He smoothed the shirt down, smiling at how well it fit, “thank you,” George muttered as he sat in his chair again.

“You’re welcome,” Clay smiled.

## Chapter End Notes

The binders/shirt, in case you’re curious:

1st binder:

<https://www.gc2b.co/collections/gc2b-all-nude/products/nude-no-4-half>

2nd binder:

<https://www.gc2b.co/collections/gc2b-classic/products/gray-tank-binder>

3rd binder:

<https://www.gc2b.co/collections/racerbacks/products/black-racerback>

Shirt:

<https://www.gc2b.co/collections/ts-by-gc2b/products/gc2b-legacy-t-shirt-i>

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

This may make you want to punch a person..  
Sorry George :)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Did I tell you about the vampire tooth incident?" George and Clay had been talking about stupid things they had done in their teen years.

"What? No you haven't!"

"So, I bought those glue-on vampire teeth for Halloween one year, and the glue they sent was full on dental glue."

—

"You wanna see my stupidity?"

"Yes! Absolutely"

George took a quick video of himself, switching from a grin to a toothy smile, showing off the stupid vampire teeth stuck to his canines, "these have been stuck to my teeth for a while now, can't get them off."

"Awe, it's actually kinda cute, not menacing at all. Send another!" Toby's reaction was odd, as George couldn't remember a time when his friend had called him cute.

"Why?" George didn't expect to get an answer, so he went ahead and sent a second video, trying to look slightly scary this time.

"Aww, it's so wholesome! Another!"

George rolled his eyes, "I already closed Snap, I'm not reopening it for you."

"Damn. Where's the love?"

"No where," George joked, "I already sent you two pics!"

"Hahaha, that sounded wrong."

George cringed inwardly, "gross."

"Gross?" Toby questioned

"Yeah, gross"

Toby was quiet for a moment, then suddenly, "I'm curious, do you hate sex?"

George rolled his eyes, he knows he's explained his situation to Toby before, "the idea of sex as a whole is unappealing to me, which is why I've told you that I'm ace"

"But like, have you ever had a sexual experience, I'm sure I could change your perspective."

'And there it is. The classic, I can fix you' George thought, a glare making its way to his face, "no. I haven't, and I don't plan on it. I still have extreme amounts of bottom dysphoria and the thought of someone being in that area makes me break down. So no. You can't 'fix me' asshole."

"Ugh you're still on that trans thing? I figured you grew out of that Georgia."

"It's George. I'm not gonna grow out of my true self. I'd appreciate it if you lost my number and never spoke to me again. Thanks," he hung up quickly, because he felt anger bubbling up and didn't want Toby to know that he got to him.



—

George stopped, “ah, sorry. I didn’t mean to- that was supposed to be a funny story, I didn’t mean to tell you that part. Uh, I’m sorry, ignore all of what I just said.”

“It’s okay, what did you say his name was, and how can I find him?”

“Clay, no.”

“Clay, yes. This guy was an asshole to you and you deserve better.”

“It was several years ago. I haven’t spoken to him since then. It’s fine, I’m over it.”

“You’re definitely not if that memory is what you think of.”

“Can we drop it, please?”

“Of course. I’m sorry George.”

“It’s okay,” George smiled at his camera, trying to convince Clay that he was okay.

“I love you!”

“I’m not saying it back, you know better.”

Clay did know that George wouldn’t say it back, but he also knows that it makes George happy, so he had to.

“You need to come to Florida soon.”

George frowned, “that costs money.”

“I’ll buy your tickets!”

“Clay, no, absolutely not. You’re not wasting more money on me!”

“It’s not a waste if I’m getting something out of it!”

“Clay, I swear, if you buy tickets, I will beat the shit out of you!”

“I highly doubt your short ass can do much damage to me.”

“Don’t test me!”

“Okay, next week. Fight me at the airport,” Clay said as he looked up plane flight times.

“Wait- no! Don’t you dare!”

“Hey, wake up!” Teamspeak alerted him.

“Clay, tell me you didn’t.” George glared at the notification.

A short silence.

“Clay?”

He clicked the link, a plane ticket to Florida set for Friday and a return ticket to London set two weeks later.

“I swear on all things holy, I’m going to punch you.”

“I’ll see you on Friday”

## Chapter End Notes

That conversation between George and Toby are almost word for word a conversation I had with someone 2 days ago..

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

George goes to Florida

**\*\*I'm so sorry it took me forever to upload!! I was struggling to figure out how I wanted to write this chapter :( I really hope y'all like it!\*\***

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was on call with Clay while he packed.

“What if it’s actually cold there?”

“George. It’s Florida. It won’t be cold.”

“But-“

“Dude, if anything I have plenty of hoodies, you can just use one”

George rolled his eyes, “fine.”

“Oh come on! Stop being such a gi-“ Clay stopped himself, “shit sorry, I didn’t mean that,”

A soft smile made its way onto George’s face. He knew Clay didn’t mean it, and he was glad that his friend recognized his mistake, “it’s okay, don’t worry about it,” he looked to his camera, making sure it could pick up his expression.

“Alright, okay,” Clay started, clearing his throat, “weather forecast says it’s gonna be high 80s to mid 90s for the week.”

“Uh, how is that possi-“ a pause, “ah, fahrenheit, never mind”

“Sorry, forgot that most of the world uses Celsius,” Clay chuckled, “low to mid 30s for you.”

“I’ll have to get used to your American ways these next two weeks,”

“All because we wanted to be different.”

Laughter rung through his room as George continued packing, messily folding some clothes and throwing them into his suitcase. He stared at the bag, mentally checking off what he needed.

“Oh! Give me a moment!” George left to go to his bathroom. He grabbed the small cloth bag from the cupboard, then walked back to his room and set the bag in his suitcase.

“What’s that?”

“My T-shirts. I’m gonna need one while I’m there.”

“T-shirts?” Clay echoed, audibly confused.

“Testosterone, to make me seem more masculine”

“Ah, okay.”

George hummed, struggling to zip up his suitcase, until he gave up and flopped into his chair.

“I’ll deal with it later”

“Sure you will, try to fold your clothes better,”

George glared at his camera, an annoyed noise leaving his mouth.

“Wait, how am I supposed to know who you are at the airport? You still haven’t shown me your face!”

“I’ll know who you are, I’ll just walk up and give you a hug or something”

“Okay,” his phone chimed, drawing his attention away, “I gotta go, but I’ll make sure to message you before my flight!”

“Alright, see you soon”

“Bye!”

George could feel his heart racing. His plane was about to land and he would see his best friend for the first time ever.

He fiddled with the phone in his hand, flipping it over several times, then tapping the screen until the lady next to him asked him to stop.

“Ladies and gentlemen, as we start our descent, please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position. Make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and all carry-on luggage is stowed underneath the seat in front of you or in the overhead bins. Thank you.” The flight attendants voice came through the speakers

George shoved his blanket back into his carry on bag, then watched out the window.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Orlando International Airport. Local time is 4:34 AM and the temperature is 73°F,” George stopped listening to the announcement, his heart rate spiking again. He gathered his bag into his lap, hugging it close as he swallowed down his fears, “On behalf of British Airlines and the entire crew, I’d like to thank you for joining us on this trip and we are looking forward to seeing you on board again in the near future. Have a nice stay!”

George let the movement of the other passengers guide him as he left the plane, following them to the baggage claim. He pulled his phone from his pocket, sending a quick text to Clay, ‘just landed’.

He grabbed his suitcase, then started walking through the airport, trying to find the exit.

Clay stood in the main lobby of the airport, scanning the crowd for a familiar face. As soon as he found the other, he smiled walking towards him.

It was obvious that George’s spatial awareness wasn’t great, as he didn’t once see Clay as he walked up. He was a few feet from the older boy before George even started to look up from his phone.

Clay pulled George into a hug as soon as their eyes met, holding him tight for the first time. They stood together for a while, allowing them time to take everything in.

George pulled away first, wanting to see Clay’s face for the first time. He stared for a while studying each strand of hair that danced between golden blond and light brown, every speck of green in his eyes, every freckle that dotted his cheeks, and the unwavering smile on his slightly chapped lips.

When he was satisfied that he had Clay’s features memorized, he fell back into Clay’s arms for another hug. It was a long moment before Clay pulled away.

“We should probably get you settled in my house.”

“Okay.” George followed his friend, watching how the artificial light danced on his hair.

The two walked together outside, the night sky darkened by clouds. When they arrived at Clay’s truck, Clay loaded the bags into the backseat as George climbed into the passenger seat.

“Just as a warning, my house is an hour and a half drive from here.”

“I’m probably gonna take a nap, I couldn’t sleep all night”

“That’s okay, I’ll wake you when we get there”

George hummed, already falling asleep.

Clay put the truck in park, looking over at George to wake him, only to be greeted with the sight of the older boy curled into himself, sleeping soundly. He sighed, there was no way he could wake George when he looked that calm.

Clay got out of the car and pulled the passenger side open, hooking his arms behind George’s knees and back, he lifted the older and walked him into the house. He was surprised at how light the other was, and the little struggle to get him into his bed.

He slid George’s shoes off, then tucked him under the blankets, letting the older boy sleep. Clay turned to his desk, and decided to get some work done for his company while he could.

## Chapter End Notes

Y'all, my google searches are gonna be hella weird now.. I had to look up stuff about t shots and like, 30 different things about planes and airlines T^T

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

George's first day in Florida

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up in a bed he didn't recognize, and a familiar pain in his ribs from his binder. He sat up, feeling his ribs and back yell at him for relief. His shoulders fell forward, in an attempt to ease his pain. He took a deep breath in, coughing when he felt the binder stop him.

A sound from the other side of the room caught George's attention. Clay had turned from his desk and was watching him struggle.

"Did I change out of my clothes from the airport?" George asked, not awake enough yet.

"No, you passed out in my truck, I brought you in and you didn't stir," Clay tilted his head, "why do you ask?"

"I was wearing my binder, and it's not good to sleep in one"

"Oh shit, the bathroom's just across the hall, and your suitcase is there," he gestured to the corner of the room, "so you can change."

George smiled, thankful that his friend was so understanding. He stood, wincing in pain when his back popped. He opened his bag in search for his 'dysphoria hoodie'. Only to find he didn't pack it, or any other baggy sweatshirts.

George turned to Clay, anxiously asking, "do you have a hoodie I can borrow?"

"Yeah, of course," he walked to the closet, grabbing the first one he found then held it out to George, "here you go."

"Thank you," George said as he left the room. He went into the bathroom, locking the door behind him.

As he pulled the binder off, he looked in the mirror. Poking at his ribs, George could feel how sore the area was. Although he was quite used to it. He grimaced at his reflection, quickly pulling Clay's hoodie over his head.

The sleeves covered his hands, and it ended mid thigh. There was a white smiley face on the front, and it was a yellow-grey colour, most likely either green or orange to the normal eye. The hoodie smelled of some kind of cinnamon, a comfortably warm scent.

He left the bathroom, chucking his shirt and binder into his suitcase. Then calling out for his friend.

"In the kitchen!" George followed his voice, finding him in front of the stove, making scrambled eggs and bacon. "I just started, but if you wanna stay and keep me company," Clay smiled at him, motioning to the table.

George shrugged, sitting on top of the counter. A quick glance at the stove told him it was 11:37

"That works too," both chuckled, "did you sleep well?"

"Yeah, I was a lot more tired than I thought."

"Oh, I meant to say something earlier, but I don't have a guest room, so either I can sleep on the couch or we could share my bed."

"I could sleep on the c--"

"-no" Clay cut George off before he could finish his sentence, "you're my guest, and I'm not making you sleep somewhere uncomfortable."

"Then we can share the bed. It's unfair if you can't sleep on your own bed."

“Alright,” Clay plated their food, bringing them to the table, “foods ready.”  
The two dug in, a soft compliment coming from George.

“Do you want to go to the beach? It’s normally empty around now.” Clay called out. George checked the time on his phone, 12:53.

“Yeah, I’ll have to change though,” George was still wearing the adorably large hoodie and a pair of sweats.

“Cool, you go ahead.”

George disappeared into the bathroom, returning to the living room a few minutes later, now in plain black swim trunks and the shirt Clay bought him.

“Hm, I like your shirt,” Clay chuckled, leaving the room to change.

“Fuck off,” George said with a laugh.

When Clay went back to the room, he was wearing lime green swim trunks and a plain white shirt. He slipped on a pair of flip-flops, grabbed his keys, and led the older to his truck.

The ride to the beach was quiet. The radio kept silence from overpowering until they got to their destination. Clay parked the truck, then twisted back to grab a bag from the backseat. The two walked towards the water side-by-side.

The midday heat wasn’t unbearable, but, for George, it was still “fucking roasting him.”

With an eye roll Clay pulled George from where he was sitting, “come on.”

“Huh?”

“Let’s go to the water, since it’s too hot for you.”

George stuck out his tongue, mocking Clay. He pulled off the shirt he was wearing, revealing the grey binder underneath.

Clay pulled his shirt off as well, showing off his well built muscles. He wasn’t ripped, but he still looked pretty damn attractive. George mentally slapped himself for his thoughts, shaking his head slightly.

Clay dragged George to the ocean, getting him far enough that the water was at his waist. Clay smiled at George, receiving a confused stare. Before George could ask, Clay managed to push him under the surface.

He was confused at first, popping back up for air. With a glare on his face he brought his hands to Clays shoulders and shoved, hard.

Clay tumbled, falling backwards into the water, “Geor-!”

A hand grabbed at his ankle, pulling forward and dragging him back under the water. George clutched at the first thing he could find, only managing to grab a handful of sand. He shoved at the ocean floor, bringing his body to the surface. He stood, looking around for Clay.

“Clay?” He asked.

Only the waves crashing around him answered. Suddenly, an arm wrapped around him, and he was thrown over someone’s shoulder. He stared at the persons back, confused. When he realized what was happening he pushed against them, trying to see who had him.

Clay’s messy hair and bright shorts gave him away. As soon as George knew he was okay, he grinned. He wrapped his arms around Clays torso, then quickly threw his legs as high as he could. Clay was thrown off balance and he tipped backwards into the water.

While Clay was distracted, George got out of his hold, crossing his arms and staring at the other.

“Where the fuck did you learn that?” Clay asked, astonished.

“I was just hoping for the best, to be honest.” George smirked, proud of himself.

The two remained in the water for a few hours, splashing and shoving at each other. George’s shoulders were starting to turn a light pink when they finally decided to get back to shore.

The two dried off quickly, packing their stuff and walking back to the truck. They stopped at a Whataburger on their way back.

George grabbed their drinks, letting Clay take the food inside. They sat across from each other at

the table, letting conversation pass as they ate.

When they finished, Clay threw away their trash. George watched as Clay leaned down, grabbing a small metal bowl from the ground, and a can from one of his cupboards. As soon as the can was opened, George heard a squeaky meow from behind him. Patches appeared from behind the blinds and ran to circle Clay's legs.

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot you had a cat," George smiled at the two, "ah, that reminds me, I need to text my neighbor"

George pulled out his phone, texting Jessie, who was making sure his cat was fed and taken care of.

"What about your neighbor?"

"She's watching over Robert."

Clay chuckled, "still can't believe you named him that."

George rolled his eyes, "whatever, I need a shower. I'll be back."

He stood, walking out of the room. "Thanks for the warning!"

George gathered a pair of black sweats, boxers, the black binder, and Clay's hoodie. He entered the bathroom, leaving the lights off. The fading sunlight streaming in from the small window kept the room from darkness.

He showered quickly, avoiding looking down at his body when possible.

When he was done, he turned off the water and tried to grab one of his towels from the towel rack.

When his hand landed on the wall he remembered where he was. "fuck," he mumbled.

"Hey, Clay?" He called out.

"Yeah?" He heard, a few moments later.

"Where do you keep your towels?"

"They're out here, do you need one?"

George stared at the door for a moment, unamused.

"Nah I'm just asking from inside this shower for the fun of it," sarcasm was practically dripping from his words, "yes I need a fucking towel."

Clay opened the bathroom door, holding a grey towel in front of him with a dorky grin. It was at that moment George was very thankful for the opaque shower curtains.

He leaned to the side, making sure only his arm and head were exposed, "thank you."

"No problem," Clay said as he left.

Drying off quickly, George pulled on his bottoms. He struggled with the binder, his shoulder blades and back made it difficult, with as sore as they were.

He pulled the hoodie on as he left the bathroom, finding Clay on the couch.

"Hey, you wanna watch The Office?"

George shrugged, "sure."

"Okay, you can start on the first episode, I need to take a shower."

George nodded, dropping onto the couch as Clay got up. He sat in the corner, pulling a blanket over himself and playing the show.

A few minutes in, he heard a soft meow, and Patches jumped onto the couch next to him.

"Hey pretty girl," George smiled, scratching under her chin. The cat started purring, rubbing her head against his hand. "You wanna come lay with me? Come here," he patted his leg, letting Patches onto his lap. She laid down, head resting on his stomach and the rest of her body on his thighs.

George smiled, petting Patches lightly as he watched the tv. Not long after, Clay came out of the bathroom, his messy hair still damp. Clay sat next to George, their thighs mere centimeters apart.

The two watched the show, getting through almost 5 episodes before George started falling asleep, his head falling against Clay's shoulder. The younger smiled, it was only 10 PM but it would normally be 3 AM for George.

"Alright, let's go to bed." Patches stood, knowing to go to Clay's bed after hearing that so often. As she walked away, Clay picked up George, carrying him to bed.

As Clay was laying the older down, George woke back up. Sitting up and pulling his arms into the sleeves of the hoodie.

Clay stared in confusion when George's arms reappeared with the binder in hand. He tossed it towards his suitcase, and in a sleepy mumble said, "shouldn't sleep in binder."

He nodded in understanding, getting the older to lay down and make room for him. As soon as he was laid down, George rolled over. His head rested on Clay's chest, and a leg hooked over his.

Clay let him get comfortable, letting one of his hands sit on the others small waist. As he was falling asleep, he felt Patches step onto his stomach, and lay down with her top half on George's hip, and her bottom half on him.

The three fell asleep, all in a comfortable pile.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm so bad at updating :( sorry!

I'm trying, I swear!

Anyway, I was thinking about writing a short one shot for Skeppy and Badboyhalo (not necessarily shippy, but something cute bc their friendship is v wholesome) so let me know if you'd be interested please :)



## Chapter 6

### Chapter Summary

I'm sorry in advance :)

### Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for taking so long to upload, I haven't been doing too well mentally :/

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Patches was the first to wake. She stretched, standing up to wake the human that feeds her. She sat on his stomach, staring at his face for a long moment. Bored of waiting, she meowed impatiently. A quiet grumbled noise was heard, but no movement from either.

She studied the two sleeping humans the dark haired one was curled around her feeder, and her food giver was holding the other with a small smile.

Patches meowed again, as she stepped closer to her humans face. She purred quietly, starting to get annoyed. Staring at the human for a moment, then head butted him in the cheek a loud meow following.

Her human cracked an eye open, finally waking up. A hand laid itself on her side, petting her gently. She pushed against the hand, purring. Her human rolled his eyes, nudging her off of him. She walked towards the bedroom door, waiting for her human. He managed to get out of bed, leaving the other human a pillow in replacement of him. She rubbed against his leg, pushing him to hurry.

Hands wrapped around her middle, and she was suddenly brought against her feeders chest. She head butted his jaw, loud purring filling the hall as they walked.

He set Patches down in the kitchen grabbing her food and bowl. Her human filled the bowl, setting it down next to her water then walking back into the kitchen.

George woke up to his pillow leaving him, slight pressure on his forehead, and a different one getting pushed in the same place. He opened his eyes, looking around the room, watching Clay walk out of the room with Patches in his arms.

Getting out of the bed, he grabbed a binder, shirt, and pair of loose jeans. He threw the clothes on, looking at himself in the mirror. He stared at his reflection for a while, studying the curve of his waist to his hips, his narrow shoulders, the still noticeable breasts on his chest. He tried readjusting the binder, several times, but no matter what he did the lump was still there.

Frustration grew, and he felt tears prick at his eyes. A knot formed in his throat and the tears made their way down his cheeks. He slumped against the wall, head laid on his knees.

His thoughts were screaming at him, telling him he'd never be a real man. He'll always be a fake, no amount of artificial hormones nor surgery would change that.

George pressed against his ears, in a failed attempt to block out his thoughts. Every noise was too loud, the floor under him was too hard, everything was too much. His body was shivering, but he was burning up. He felt like he had been dropped to the bottom of the ocean, every noise was muffled except his heartbeat, which pounded in his ears. His head was spinning, feeling like it was stuffed full of cotton. Everything hurt, and despite having just woken, he was exhausted.

Please. Please just make it stop.

“-ge?” He heard someone speak, but everything was too loud and he just couldn’t focus, “-rge!” Someone dropped in front of him, he tried to see who it was but the lights blinded him, and his eyes closed with a whimper. The person stood, then a loud click rung through the room as darkness followed. George stared at Clay, who sat in front of him. He couldn’t make out the other’s features through the tears, and the haze of his mind.

“I -eed y— to fo—s on m- voice.” Wide brown eyes met calm green ones, “can - touc- you?”

George shook his head, flinching away from the hand near his. “Okay, tha-s oka-“

“Listen to -y voice.” George nodded softly, watching Clay’s mouth as he spoke. “Breathe i- with me.” George shakily inhaled, following the other’s steady breath.

“Perfect. Now out.” He let the air leave his lungs

“In.”

“Out.”

“In.”

“Out.”

The tears on George’s cheeks finally dried, and he could finally breathe.

“Are you okay?”

Clay didn’t mean any harm with the question, but the sentence brought a wave of tears as George finally accepted the fact that he wasn’t okay, and he couldn’t pretend anymore.

George pushed himself into Clay’s arms, looping his arms over the taller’s neck as he sobbed into his shoulder. Clay immediately hugged back, holding him close.

They sat together for a while, George tucked into Clay’s shoulder, until he ran out of tears. Clay gently stroked his back, drawing soothing shapes and telling the older what he needed to hear.

George pulled away first, and Clay studied his face as the brunett stared at his hands.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Clay asked gently

“I don’t know”

“That’s okay, I have breakfast ready if you want some?”

George nodded, wiping his face of the mostly dried tears. Clay stood, holding a hand out to George. He waited for the older to take the offer, then gently pulled him to his feet.

The two ate in silence. Clay was busy watching George with worried eyes. He didn’t eat much, barely picking at his food, and he held a blank face the whole meal. Even when Patches hopped into his lap, he didn’t bat an eye. As if he was no longer there, and his body was on autopilot. As if to matched the mood, dark clouds covered the sky, with the threat of rain hanging in the air. And, of course, the sky let it fall.

Clay guided George to his sofa, throwing on a quiet show. He walked back to the kitchen, taking care of the dishes from breakfast, practically lunch. He made two mugs of hot chocolate, bringing them to the living room. He handed one to George, and the older took it with a soft nod in thanks. The soft rain got harder and louder as they finished their drinks, thunder rolling several miles out. Clay listen to the storm grow closer, the thunder beginning to vibrate the house. One particular strike of lightning knocked out the power of his and some nearby neighborhood, and suddenly the house was flooded with darkness.

“Well shit.”

No response came from George, so Clay leaned forward to see the older was passed out on his shoulder. Clay laid longways across the couch pulling George to practically lay on top of him, who rustled some, but didn’t wake. He threw a blanket over the two of them, then let the warmth of George, and the storm outside lull him to sleep.

Dysphoria-induced-panic attacks :)

I based George's actions on how I tend to feel before, during, and after a panic attack, which is very numb.

Also hopefully using Patches POV in the beginning wasn't too weird? If y'all didn't like it, feel free to tell me in the comments :)

**im sorry?**

i know there were several people who really liked this story, and i used to love writing for it, but i just cant bring myself to write anything for it

I haven't really been watching Dream or George, and their characters feel wrong in this fic.

I'll keep the story up so people can still read it, but unfortunately this is goodbye (for this fic, i'll still publish other stuff, it just wont be about dnf anymore)

until next time <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!